

For the Children

KNOWING HOW.

I've sometimes heard my grandpa tell
That folks who knows just how to smell
Can get the summer from one rose
Or from a little breeze that blows.

And father says no matter where
You live, if you will just take care
And make the best of your two eyes,
You'll see so much you'll grow real wise.

And then my mother's often heard
One little pleasant-spoken word,
That's made somebody smile and smile
And feel cheered up for quite a while.

They say it doesn't matter much
Whether a child has such and such;
It's how she'll learn to "make things do."
And p'raps it's so with grown folks, too.
—The Congregationalist.

THE COW THAT LIKED COMPOSITIONS.

By Emma C. Dowd.

Caro had never written a composition. At the city school nothing had ever been said about them. But here in the country, where they had lately come to live, every Friday was composition day, and Caro was expected to write something on the subject printed upon the blackboard. "Cows" she read, and felt perplexed at once.

"Make your compositions this week humorous, or funny, if possible," the teacher said, which sent Caro home in a puzzle. What was funny about a cow?

After school the little girl took a paper and pencil, and went out into the pasture back of the house to study their cow, and to write her composition.

Billy Carpenter had told her that cows sometimes chased people; but this cow that her father had just bought looked too clumsy and too lazy to run after anybody. So Caro sat down upon a big stone, and wrote "Cows" in big letters at the top of her sheet.

The cow switched her tail from side to side, to drive off the flies; so presently Caro wrote:

"Cows are big animals, with long tails that go wigglety-waggle."

Then she watched to see the cow do something funny; but all she did was to nibble at the grass.

Pretty soon this went down on Caro's paper:

"Cows eat all the time, and never stop. They have big eyes that stare at you, and they have horns to let down the bars with, when they go home at night. Our cow is reddish, and isn't funny at all."

Just then the cow walked off under a tree, and lay down chewing her cud.

"Oh," thought Caro, "that is funny! They do their eating first, and then they go and chew and chew!" So she wrote down her discovery, adding, "I wish I could do that way; but mamma makes me chew as I go along."

A railway passed near the farm, and just then a whis-

tle sounded shrilly not far away. It frightened the cow, and getting on her feet in a hurry she came bounding in Caro's direction at a lively pace.

"Oh!" screamed Caro, and dropping paper and pencil she scampered away toward the fence. Safely on the other side, she ventured to look back.

The cow was inspecting the composition.

"Oh!" cried Caro again, and then louder, "Oh, my!" for the paper had vanished in the cow's mouth!

Caro went sadly home, to re-write her composition in a safe place, and she added this to the first part:

"Cows like compositions, for ours ate mine up."

The next Friday afternoon, when all the twenty compositions were read, the scholars voted Caro Clyde's the very funniest one there.—The Sunday School Times.

A TRUTHFUL BOY.

Robert Burdette says: "How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wish I knew what he is doing; I wonder whom he is with; I wonder why he doesn't come home.' Nothing of the sort. We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we will know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going or how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house. We don't have to call him back and make him 'solemnly promise' the same thing over and over. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't,' just once, that settles it."

HOW CHARACTER IS FORMED.

Have you ever noticed how an icicle is formed? If you have, you noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot or more long. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled almost as brightly as diamonds in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought or feeling at a time. If each thought be pure and bright, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.—The Young Evangelist.

A GREAT SAINT BERNARD.

A lady was drawing her little girl on a sled after a great snow-storm, through a long, narrow path to the schoolhouse, the snow being thrown up very high on each side of the path, when she met mid-way a large Saint Bernard dog, a stranger. She immediately addressed him as she would a human being, explaining that the path was narrow and the snow deep, and that he must turn around and go back. He listened carefully to her explanation, then wheeled about and walked back a considerable distance until he found a place where the snow had been shoveled out a little at the side. Into this he backed and waited quietly until she passed him with the sled and child. The lady thanked him for being so much of a gentleman, and he then wheeled about and started again on the path.—Our Dumb Animals.